



AN ELEGY

On the Sudden and much Lamented Death of His Grace,
Henry Duke of Norfolk,

AND
Earl Marshal of England,

Who departed this Life at his House in St. James's-Square, on Wednesday last, near 11 a
Clock in the Morning, being April the 2d 1701, in the 48th Year of his Age.

3. Apr. 1701.

O H! Mournful Muse, let me with Tears rehearse,
The loss of *Norfolk*, in some doleful Verse,
That famous Duke, the wonder of his Line
Who left *Rome's* Trash, for Faith that is Divine;
Belov'd of King and Court for worth and Fame,
His Antient Grandeur, and his mighty Name:
When Liberty and Laws, were sinking then,
Great *Howard* he appear'd the best of Men.
Unshaken, uncorrupted, firm he sat
Lov'd equal Ballance, in the Chair of State,
Where Honour, Fame, and a good Name he got.
Zealous for Justice, he was always seen,
His Hands from tempting bribery was clean;
He honour'd Law, and Justice was his rule,
And knew not how to be a Knave or Fool?
To *English* Liberties was still a Friend,
Peace Unity and Justice, was his End:
A mighty bulk would swell my slender verse,
Should I this great Mans vertues all rehearse,
But now he's gone, and Death has cut the Thred,
It is too true, great *Norfolk* he is Dead.
Most easie mild and gentle was his Death,
For in a Slumber he resign'd his Breath:
Not by a Torturing Sickness was he try'd,
But laid him down to Sleep, and Sleeping Dy'd.
His Death was easie, as his course of Life,
His worst misfortune, was an unchast Wife?
So that no offspring from his Loynes proceed
To Heir his Lands or in his place succeed:
Death disappointed this great Dukes intent,
Fate can't be stopp'd by Acts of Parliament.
The strongest Law that er'e was yet in force,
Did ner'e admit of such a strong Divorce:
Tho Wives for Faults, are banish'd here on Earth,
There's no Divorce against a pail fac'd Death;
But tho no Issue of his own's in view,
His Brother's Son, he will his Name renew:

Whose hopeful Vertue, doth such Greatness Merit,
To claim his Honours, and his Lands Inherit.
Thus may we see by *Norfolk's* sudden Fate,
The fickle uncertainty of human State:
Well in the Morning, yet by Noon he's gone;
And left his Family in Tears to Moan.
His Servants all with mournful looks appears,
As if amaz'd with Horrour, Greief and Fears;
And none are seen, but what are shedding Tears:
His noble Friends Laments, his loss of Life,
And all are Mourning, but his wanton Wife;
Nay! even she, perhaps some Tears may force,
Because he did not die before Divorce.
But since he's gone it is in vain to Grieve,
For Tears, nor Sighs can merit no Reprive:
Great Duke adieu, since Fate will have it so,
All Mortal Flesh must to the Shades below;
No King nor Prince, can Deaths keen force withstand,
We must submit, when Heaven doth Command.

The EPITAPH.

Here Lies the Body of a Duke most great,
Who was both fam'd, in Church as well as State:
Unhappy only by a Faithless Wife,
He liv'd in Peace, and so resign'd his Life;
His sudden Death caus'd many then to Weep,
His Life Expir'd as he was in a Sleep,
Englands Earl Marshal, and great *Norfolk's* Peer,
No greater Duke was ever Baried here.

FINIS.